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Rhythmical Essays

ON THE

BEARD QUESTION.

BY WILLIAM CARTER.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.
LIVERPOOL: JOHN CARTER, Redcross Street.
MANCHESTER:
JOHN HEYWOOD, 141 and 143, Deansgate; and
WILLIAM CARTER, St. Mary's Street.
1868.

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PREFACE.

In taking upon myself the responsibility of writing this small book on the BEARD QUESTION, *I beg to say it is not done ignorantly. For nearly sixty years I have laboured to remove the grim vestiges of barbarity from the human face divine. I cannot be accused of selfishness, for at an early age I wrote a direction for personal or self-shaving, so that no man, however poor, could have an excuse for wearing his beard, except in idleness, or groveling animal conceit. As a question of health, I maintain that men had better health fifty years ago than at the present beard-growing period. They were noble-looking, fine specimens of humanity. At that time all had clean, well-shaven faces. It is only within the last twenty years that the cry has been raised about a clean shave destroying*

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health, which, from nearly sixty years' practice, I know to be a mistake. When the mental grandeur of the face is enveloped in the rude untutored animalism of savage life, health is destroyed. Instances have come under my notice of persons dying, young and old, so covered up with animal filth that you could scarce see that they had a mouth. I never knew a man suffer in health through shaving; the practice is conducive to health; it leaves him free to enjoy the blessings of heaven unencumbered; and he has an exquisite pleasure when he can take the fresh air without the annoyance of a mass of grim hair interfering with his breathing organs. It may be inferred that health is promoted by a clean shave from the fact that, when disease came into the faces of the Jews, Moses ordered them to cut the beard and shave the face, that they might be cured. It is admitted that prevention is better than cure; and in order to keep the face free from disease, shave, wash, and be clean. *It is a lamentable fact that some medical men, to accommodate the whims of their patients, recommended some to wear beards; and others, reckless of consequences,*

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have appeared with long beards themselves. No man in the profession who values his reputation will recommend either a respirator or a beard; for they all know that a more poisonous inhalation than the returning breath need not be; and to keep this, by a long beard hanging about the mouth, in festoons of death, is something worse than folly.

Educated gentlemen will excuse the many imperfections in my small work. With this exalted class I trust there is charity; they will perceive that, though I cannot bring a well-trained scholarship to bear on my subject, I do my best to write down a practice detrimental to health, which encourages idleness, and tends to destroy twelve trades, which have existed for centuries. Some have said, that when my book appears it will be severely criticised. My calling and position in life are humble; but I should think it time lost attempting to reply to men so wanting in decency, order, cleanliness, and industry as to use their pens in promoting filthiness, and destroying a great commercial good. Some say I am interested: how vain and foolish! A man sixty-five years of age; what can perpetuity in the use of a razor be to him? The accusation is totally

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without foundation. But I do feel, as all Englishmen should feel, an interest in the welfare and commercial prosperity of this country.

To create a bias in favour of long beards, it is said that shaving was introduced by a French monarch, whom nature had not furnished with this animal appendage. Seeing this, he became envious, not being able to grow a tuft of this grisly material; so he ordered all his subjects to shave. I think his motive has been misconstrued; this action on his part develops a spirit of progress, manifesting a reasonable desire that this noble-looking people should not have the mental beauty of their features clouded by the vestiges of barbarism. It is reasonable to believe that he was a patron of art and commerce, and was wishful to make it subservient to the health, comfort, and well-being of his subjects, in a clean shave. His spirit of progress is manifest—a decided antipathy to his people going about the empire with long beards, snaffling like a vast brood of canine animals. Honour to whom honour is due. He wanted the arts and sciences to flourish, and would not have them injured for his people to gratify an animal whim.

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It is matter of astonishment to me that literary persons should lend the power of their pens to propagate falsehood, by a stupid love of practical heathenism. None can dispute the fact that a clean shave has always been regarded by the wise as a distinctive evidence of civilization; it takes the mask off the savage, and shows on its front the youthful, clean, and beautiful; unfolds the neat, mental, and civilized grandeur of the human countenance, frees it from the savagery of heathenism, and will maintain an honourable perpetuity.

I have treated in this work of the wonderful achievements of the army and navy—their victorious greatness is an historical fact, and will command admiration. The time will come when nations will learn war no more. Jesus was pre-eminently a Teacher of love; and this practically carried out would lead to interior culture, mental refinement, and general improvement; while the lovely and beautiful doctrine of self-denial and mutual dependance, through its intrinsic power of progress, will wave the banner of universal dominion—peace on earth and good will to man.

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RHYTHMICAL ESSAYS

ON THE

BEARD QUESTION.

THE beard-wearer's dominant feature of mind
Is animal pride, most repulsive in kind;
For wherever these long-beard growers you meet,
Define, if you *can*, their boundless conceit.
Could they lengthen their ears, as they lengthen their hair,
(A cross 'twixt an ass and a grizzly bear,)
The world would applaud—the ladies admire,
This puppet Adonis, in custom's attire.
They turn up the beard quite erratic in style,
As the rank overgrowth of a tropical soil,
Concealing within the miasma of death,
Giving back to the lungs the pestilent breath.

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Yet see with what satisfaction and pride
Their beard-twisting fingers are constantly plied;
Like the ignorant savage with mirror in hand,
A rude hairy face doth their homage command.
Still fools in their folly grow haughty and vain,
For they draw to the beard the strength from the brain,
The habit once formed has this certain effect,
Which the careful observer may quickly detect.
Mistake not, I pray you, this external token,
That the power of the brain thereby is broken.
Dispute, if you can, this significant truth,
To cultivate hair destroys vigour and youth.
Why return to the practice of heathenish shame,
And mar the calm grandeur of civilised fame?
Let the fine English workers in beautiful gold,
In silver and pearl, their glories unfold;
In leather and timber, in ivory and stone,
In wonderful steel, hair, iron, and bone—
Must these artisans, all in the cutlery trade,
Be cast out of employ that man may degrade
His face with the mask of an untutored race,
And improvements in art and progress displace.
And heathenish weakness becomes ambition's desire,
And suggestive minds perish and improvements retire,

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While long beards flourish and clean faces fade,
And the bright razor rots with the rust on its blade.
What a climax of folly and grizzly pride,
To see barbarous sloth on absurdity ride;
Such is the case wherever and when
You see the brigand-like beards on civilised men.
Let them snaffle and cough, and offensively wheeze,
Long beards must prevent their breathing with ease.
The nose from the air draws refreshing supplies,
And when free from beard you hear not the noise:
A sickening, disgusting, and unpleasant sound,
Like the croaking of frogs, which in summer abound.
To the intelligent mind I trust it is plain,
In the wearing of beards there's no honour or gain.
The delicate air tubes, with natural force,
The truth here advanced with power endorse.
From these vessels of health comes a tinkling noise,
A proof that beard wearing good breathing destroys.
Visibly seen in the long-bearded mass,
As a whole, a grim-looking, cadaverous class;
Wherever you meet them, they look sickly and pale,
As they cannot with freedom the fresh air inhale.
From the returning breath all that's vital is fled—
Still the beard keeps this poison, this terrible dread,

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Which in festoons of death on the lips and mouth stay,*
And but for the beard would be exhaled away.
Intercepted again, it returns with the breath,
Inducing disease and premature death;
Though infinitesimal the dose 'tis active as fire,
Beneath its miasma all health will expire.
The lips should be free and the chin should be bare,
That man may obtain unimpeded fresh air;
Then that wonderful organ, the beautiful nose,
Would have nothing to mar its exalted repose,
But work for its honour with the greatest of ease,
And no longer send forth a disagreeable wheeze.
Beard wearers with zeal deliver their charge,
And on this favourite subject begin to enlarge;
With intriguing spirit, and grovelling mind,
They try to convert each one they can find,
To the practice of wearing a grim, hairy face,
The external sign of a heathenish race.
In this exhibition they seem to take pride,
And their cry is to all, Cast your razors aside!

* The principles here advanced respecting the influence of long beard wearing are the opinions of medical men, and are endorsed by all of the faculty who value their reputation.

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And if all mankind in their practice took part,
There would soon be an end of the cutlery art,—
The dressing-case fittings, so useful and neat,
Which have gone forth the wants of all nations to meet,
Producing the beautiful, clean-shaven face,
A welcome transition from a barbarous race.
Beard growers would destroy a civilised gain,
And the filth of the untutored savage retain.
"Not a beard shall be cut, not a face shall be polished,"
Thus razors and shaving completely abolished;
Nothing less could the zeal of these masters require
Than the cutler's forge should entirely expire,
And the sound from their hammers and anvils lie still
Before the grand fiat of their monkeyfied will:
The life and the vigour, and honour of trade,
Before these long-bearded fanatics must fade.
What matter to them, if a whim they can cherish,
Though the users of razors and cutlers do perish;
They care not, they feel not; like the murderer Cain,
They are no brother's keeper, they feel not his pain.
This feeling doth reign, in them is supreme;
Callous in heart, and cruel in theme,

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Their philanthropy dead, their souls cannot feel;
Cold as the snow and harder than steel,
Anguish and hunger, for want of employ,
Would seem to afford these vile creatures joy.
Their animal filth on their chins must remain,
Though their practice to thousands cause sorrow and pain.
They represent well the scalping-knife brood,
Who roam through the woods in search of their food,
Indicative of a state of wildness in man,
With visage as grim as the chief of a clan.
By the withering blast of their idle shame,
They destroy some of Britain's grand mercantile fame,
And leave us nothing at all in its place
But a long-bearded, grim-looking, snaffling face.
Mechanics may suffer, and commerce may fade,
Fanatics don't care for the interests of trade.
These agents, by which the whole world is refined,
Almost fail to impress the fanatical mind;
They would roll back the tide of civilisation,
By degrading this great manufacturing nation.
A mania for hair! oh, who could have thought
That Britons could ever such folly be taught!

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To take up the plan of a grim idle race,
For the beautiful clean old English face;
The mental display which concentrates here
Is lost when men like gorillas appear.
Our sires, so mighty in the field and the state,
Who victories won, and were great in debate—
Wellington, Hill, and Nelson, each name
With Macauley and Canning of undying fame—
The navy and army, all valiant and brave—
The Kings, Lords, and Commons—all loved a good shave.
The "Waterloo Banquet,"* that wonderful plate,
A gathering of heroes and great men of state,
Where the engraver's art in its beauty is seen
In the soldiers of Britain, with faces all clean;
No grim hairy visage your good taste to blight,
In all the vast group in this picturesque sight—
These we laud as the mighty and brave of our soil:
When our land was in danger they saved our isle,
Buonaparte captured, and dead lay his host;
So they never could touch our beautiful coast.

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* This fine work of art was seen by the writer at the residence of John Munn, Esq., Park Hill, Prestwich.

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Our tars deserve honour—their valour proclaim—
They share in this glory, this immortal fame.
Their action was prior—yet Trafalgar was grand,
Preparing for this sublime victory on land.
A power our wooden walls were in the past,
Their renown in history for ever will last.
In endurance and courage, our soldiers were then
The bravest of veterans and cleanest of men.
In moustache and beard they took no delight,
Their ambition was to be victorious in fight.
They looked upon masses of hair on the face
As indicating the filth of a barbarous race.
The pirate, the cossack, the murderous brigand,
Might the mask of the savage o'er their faces expand;
But Britons know better, 'twas their pride to take care
That their persons were clean and their face free
from hair.
This fact we record as a national pride—
They were neat and clean as the swords at their side.

Gentlemen of the bar with clean faces are found,
Who for learning and wisdom have long been renowned;
A grim beard on them in their courts is reproach,
A destruction of neatness, a dirty encroach.

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The court and the bar our homage still claim,
As the well-springs of justice, of honour, and fame;
And if wisdom remain, a long-bearded face
Will never the palace of justice disgrace.
The ermine so pure must not have the stain
Of depriving industry of its honest gain.
Let the forge still blaze, the workman still labour,
Producing the useful and beautiful razor;
For good sense will own in every station
That a clean shave belongs to civilisation;
And he who discards it can only degrade
The beauties of art and the glory of trade;
Destroying a clean and laudable want
For a horrible mask, defended by cant.

The medical faculty who honour our land
With European fame, and as monuments stand,
For learning and practice in promoting health—
To the nation a mine of inexhaustible wealth,
Their achievements in science no tongue can half tell,
For these old British worthies no country excel.
Their brains they were clear and their faces were clean,
As their books and their portraits all prove when they're seen;

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No meteors to flash and deceive by their light,
The safest of standards to guide students right.
They lead not to error by unstable whim,
As the glorious sun they never grow dim;
Exalted in science, and beloved by great men,
While the earth remains green or man handles a pen.

Divines of the past and present of note,
Whom we gladly name and eagerly quote,
Their appearance was all that good taste could require;
And their tongues, as though touched with heavenly fire,
Producing great changes from wrong to the right,
The Gospel diffusing its life and its light.
Their lives and their faces were free from defect,
And the precepts they taught commanded respect.
Their mouths were not covered with masses of hair,
The aged and deaf in their teaching could share;
Enunciations correct and utterance clear,
Their voices distinct and impressive to hear.
The young and the aged would catch the glad sound
Of mercy and love which so welcome is found;
These truths were a comfort, their force so divine,
That the masses acknowledged their power to refine.

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They appeared before you with amiable grace,
And the mask of the savage was not on their face;
The old-fashioned razor shaved the stubble away,
And nature unfolded a noble display.
Thus art exhibits its power near Divine,
And proves its mission to exalt and refine;
The expression so fine no longer concealed,
But its power and beauty to all were revealed.

The assassin Orsini* seems less to have feared
The guillotine-block than a cut at his beard;
While his soul seemed to hang on the last thread of time,
He feared not the law nor the murderer's crime;
A sample fanatic, whose only care
In the pangs of cold death was,—Spare me my hair!
While men live to themselves, they only degrade
The majesty, honour, and glory of trade;
The power and grandeur of commerce so mild,
By these filthy dreamers was ever defiled.
Self-denial and love, great Christian might,
That works out with beauty the good and the right,
By them is ignored, and their example is made
To encourage the idle of every grade.

* Orsini, who attempted to murder the Emperor of the French, Louis Napoleon.

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Engineers encourage the great razor trade,
With faces made clean by its beautiful aid;
Mighty in iron, working wonders in steel,
For the humblest mechanics these worthies could feel.
The razor its duties was called to fulfil,
Their visages clean and their heads full of skill.
Look at Watts, the great wonder of modern time,
Whose inventions go forth to every clime;
And Stephenson, the mighty, who could but admire
The man who invented the chariot of fire?
As a medium of commerce this never can fail,
The wonders of steam and the glory of rail;
And millions now ride, full of innocent glee,
The beauties of earth and of ocean to see.
Their monuments we behold with delight,
Which bring out these worthies so mentally bright;
So graphic in power is every line in their face,
In the annals of fame they cannot lose their place.
First rises the giant and father of steam,
Then Stephenson comes with his fiery team;
So great their inventions for commerce and trade,
Their works look as if divine hands had them made.
Worthy inventors, ennobling our race,
Had no time for trimming a poodle-dog face;

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On each act of their lives progression was seen,
In their wonderful work and faces so clean.
The mauling and pawing of long tufts of hair,
They could leave to the savage or grizzly bear.
Suggestive wisdom, with excellence teaming,
Is on beard growers lost, and for them has no meaning.
Dark compounds of error and mental deceit,
With stoical hearts o'erwhelmed with conceit,
Progression discarding, of retrograde creed,
A climax of all that is bad in our breed.
With hair dangling down when they come for a feed,
Like terrier dogs, of the Isle of Skye breed;
And as they proceed in partaking a feast,
Their hands are at work like the paws of a beast.
At war with the beard, in continual fight,
Yet still they can scarce obtain a free bite;
Festoons of hair o'er the lips and mouth reign,
And the persistent beard a victory will gain.
Seeing the time in such folly spent,
A right-minded man will always resent;
A practise so dirty no one can retain,
Except he is very defective in brain.
When the fine-flavoured soup comes into the room,
And raises the rich and sweet-smelling perfume

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From the artistic and elegant tureen,
While the fine art of cooking is unveiled by the scene.
Practical feeding you long to combine,
With a display so rich and exquisitely fine.
Yet from this welcome spread you gladly refrain,
If the semi-grim savage an entrance gain;
For with all their caution they snaffle and fill,
And look like a beast that wallows in swill.
To sensations of sickness you soon must resign,
If 'tis your misfortune to see one of them dine;
So thoroughly nasty, so much of the brute,
Whether partaking of soup or eating of fruit.
However graphic, no pen can be able
To describe the sight as seen at the table—
The napkin so neat, of such delicate white,
Becomes through their use a disgusting sight;
Superfine linen, so rich in design,
Is reduced to a state as though trampled by swine.
Filthy, disgusting, indecent, unclean—
To be abhorred, such a sight need only be seen.
Like outcasts of night of infamous name,
Their depravity blinds them to all sense of shame.
You can only account for their dirt in this way,
For if seen by themselves, 'twould last not a day.

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Oh what a rich, what a delicate treat,
To blend with their food their beards as they eat—
A thing that a savage might easily brave,
But civilisation says, Give me a shave,
And no longer the commerce of Britain degrade,
But use for yourselves a neat Sheffield blade.
Its use has long honoured the land of our birth,
And acquired a fame o'er the civilised earth;
So great is its work for neatness and finish,
Its intrinsic worth can never diminish.
The grandeur and use of a good dressing-case
Is a standing reproach to a long-bearded face.
Antiquity sounds the trumpet of fame
In favour of shaving, by one of great name,
Joseph of old, a good man and wise,
Whose excellence was the means of his rise;
His life and his wisdom, each of them correct,
A grand example, and without defect;
In goodness perfect, with no taint of crime,
A statesman quite fit for his age and his time;
Like the worthy old Lincoln, of American fame,
His face free from beard, and his life free from shame.
Political stars, and lovers of labour,
Patterns of art in the use of the razor;

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They belonged not to man of the wild ass-colt age,
In their lives such a folly had not got a page.
Yet down in a prison this Joseph we find,
Because he would not yield to a base woman's mind.
Deliverance soon came, and he rose from this place
To come to the king—*but he first shaved his face.*
Worthy of office, he first lent his aid,
To encourage the clean and useful in trade.
He would not the commerce of Egypt despise,
But helped all the humblest mechanics to rise.
As a government servant, and worthy of place,
While letterpress lasts he will honour our race;
For kindness of heart, with unblemished morals—
Evergreens of the Bible and non-fading laurels—
How brilliant the act! Though ages are past,
This excellent practice continues to last.
Though kingdoms decline, and empires fade,
Good shaving still lends its comforting aid;
For it bears on its front the useful and clean,
Which the lovers of beauty admire when seen.
Fine artistic grandeur—lips, chin, and face—
When shaven and clean, always honour our race;
And the wise of our day, who in cleanliness pride,
Will not cast the pleasant and useful aside;

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Knowing well that this fine old mechanical art
Does comfort and beauty to all men impart.
Old Reason admits a clean shave is the best
For inlaying of food with a reasonable zest;
And inventive Wisdom will not cast aside
The clean and the useful for a beastly pride.
Good men will love art, with its beautiful aids,
To cultivate man and to multiply trades.
The idle, the dirty, the selfish, the mean,
May snaffle and glory in what is unclean;
They may mount the gorilla, of long beards rave,
But the wise and the clean will love a good shave.
Let prudence dictate, and wisdom decide,
And away goes the filthy and disgusting pride;
They will abhor the looks of a grim hairy face,
And a clean shave again will take up its place;
The mania for hair will fade as does night
Before the bright glory of the coming light;
In vain all opponents good shaving assail—
A practice so clean will ever prevail,
For while a scintilla of common sense reign,
The clean chin and lips approval will gain;
Like all simple grandeur, though humble in name,
The longer it lasts the greater its fame.

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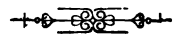
Physiognomists say that around the lips meet
Countless delicate muscles, which responsive beat
To thought and to feeling, to love or to hate,
Revealing to all the mind's innermost state;
If purity, love, and beneficence reign,
Let the play of the lips their presence proclaim,
But hide with a mask the hypocrite's face,
The lips would betray his lasting disgrace.
With this symbol of filth conceal from our view
All that is evil and base, false and untrue.



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REMARKS ON THE

PEOPLE AND GENERAL PROSPERITY

OF

LANCASHIRE,

AND THE

UTLILITY OF A GOOD SHAVE.

THE founders of wealth in our great cotton shire
Would have scorned to blow out the cutler's fire;
They had eyes that could see, and hearts that could feel,
For the workers in ivory, in iron, and steel.
Reciprocal spirits—for wherever seen,
By the aid of the razor their faces were clean—
They knew full well, with the increase of our kind,
That more work was wanted for hands and for mind.
They lived to create, and not to destroy,
The demand for labour—the workpeople's joy;
A lesson which should be instilled in each soul,
For where labour is wanting there's an end of control;

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Then reason is lost, though loud be its call,
As hunger will break through the strongest of wall;
A chaos of dearth will pervade the whole mass,
And ruin and want come to every class.
The shuttle must fly and the spindle go round,
Yet for the beautiful razor a place must be found.
One Lancashire worthy, very great in his day,
Was that fly-shuttle inventor, fine old John Kay;
This exalted the man, stamped on Bury renown
Great even in Britain as a manufacturing town.
This intellectual giant of the inventive race,
Was a fine mental display, with a clean-shaved face;
Not a vestige of savage life on his face could be seen,
He had a mouth well defined, and a noble chin clean.
After naming the shuttle, the next claim for room
Is the brilliant improvement in the power-loom.
Heywood is the town which hath a foremost claim
In the annals of this manufacturing fame;
No meteoric flash with theoretical blaze,
But utilities claiming a laudable praise.
The *Smiths* of that town, by ingenious might,
On the power-loom trade cast a brilliant light;
By inventive power of Luke, John, William, and Mark,
Its practical working remained no longer dark,

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But received an impetus, by their wonderful aid,
That created a wide-spread and laudable trade.
Their ingenious tappets—a fact often told—
Did the glory of powerloom weaving unfold,
And by this achievemeut to the world they proclaim
For powerloom weaving a non-ending fame,—
Attaining at once in the manufacturing mind
A world-wide fame, of a practical kind.
Before their invention, with its expansive aid,
The plainest of cloth could only be made;
But their constructive minds, with this unique device,
Produced patterns in cloth for every choice;
They were real things of beauty, new mediums of joy,
Creating more wealth and industrial employ;
Their manufacturing and mechanical skill
Did the merchants in cloth with amazement fill;
Through prodigious brain power and inventive mind,
They became benefactors of the noblest kind.
No one can dispute to this honour their right,
'Tis a pleasing reality, still shining bright.
The advancement of art will ever attain
For commerce and labour an increase of gain.
In Paris, last year, I beheld with delight
A neat-looking loom—a brilliant sight—

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Of this manufacturing wonder—Smiths the makers were—

'Twas like intelligence working, none equalled it there;
With motions so easy, and productions so fine,
'Twas admitted that they were first in their line.
Amid the great splendours which before each eye stood,
Was the fine loom of Smiths, from the town of Heywood.
Since I first saw their looms forty years are fled,
And some of these worthies now lie with the dead;
Though eternity folds them in its dark shade,
They live through their works in the annals of trade.
When genius developes, 'tis like seed on earth cast,
It does good for the present, and for ages will last;
The Smiths loved art, and though gone to the grave,
A clean face was their pride, when they needed a shave;
Of the habits of heathens they could not approve,
But the long filthy beard did gladly remove.
These constructive masters had no time to spare
For washing grim beards and playing with hair;
No ambition had they for a gorilla face,
But lived to invent, and to honour our race.
From Arkwright to Crompton and Sir Robert Peel,
They all had their razors of good Sheffield steel;

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Mighty men of those times, who knew how to behave,
Their portraits proclaim that they loved a good shave.
Pioneers of greatness, every line of their face
Declared them to be a superior race;
Yet in the manufacture of cloth, or buying of cotton,
The clean art of shaving was never forgotten;
O'er their faces no animal filth did pervade,
Their great mental power to mask and degrade;
Whether they walked to the market, or for quickness did ride,
In a clean English face these worthies had pride;
They dreamt not of turning from art unto nature,
They had work to do that was noble and greater;
Their creations are wonders, their works are sublime,
Their traffic extending to every clime.
Yarn by them was spun, and cloth by them made,
And nations proclaimed them the leaders of trade;
Their wonderful mills, with their fine combinations,
Might well be the envy of surrounding nations.
Through them came wealth from every land,
This gigantic Lancashire trade to expand;
And capital forming an indissoluble chain,
Of keeping and increasing our national gain.

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And while the sons of these fathers by their principles
stand,
The tall chimneys will rise to honour our land,
Dispelling the darkness of grim savage night,
By the brilliant achievements of commercial light.
Their theme was progression, as by their works
taught,
And wealth by millions to Britain was brought;
While palatial grandeur on every hand
Rises up to adorn our own native land.
And the workpeoples' dwellings complete and entire,
Are all that reason refined could require;
A clean, orderly people, inventive and gay,
If work is full time there is no idle display,—
From spindle and loom returning with song,
Quite peaceful and happy, and healthy and strong;—
That person is weak, and mentally blind,
Who conceives that life's pleasure to wealth is confined.
In progress our great manufacturing race
Maintain for themselves an exalted place;
And their domestic circles are scenes of delight,
Abounding in all that is useful and right;
Their rosy-faced children admiration command,
As the infantine glory of our native land;

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With beautiful skin, so fine and so fair,
And rich auburn locks of neat curling hair,—
We stand and we gaze, with emotions of pleasure,
To live in a land of such amiable treasure.
Their cottages neat, attractive, and clean,
Are worthy of notice, a beautiful scene;
The huts made of mud, of clay, and of sticks,
Are removed for the dwellings of useful red bricks,
With interior fittings not wanting in kind,
For feeding the body and informing the mind.
Riches exalt, and often refine,
Yet workpeople's pleasures conspicuously shine;
In the mill, on the road, or walking the field,
Their labours and life a rich comfort yield.
Wherever this fine working people we meet,
The sight still affords an exquisite treat.
Lancashire life brings to England renown,
'Tis one of the brightest gems in Victoria's crown;
There is planted within them a love for the great,
Which secures the throne and each branch of the State.
A fostering care, with a liberal hand,
Conserves all that is good in this hard-working band.
These hopes of the future must have every aid,
Then men of renown will rise in each trade.

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Some see in them folly, and withdraw their esteem,
But their labours and virtues should all this redeem;
Their characteristics, we may truthfully tell,
Are to be clean, honest, and sober, and in hard work excel.

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THE SAYING OF NON-SHAVERS:

"WE WILL GO BACK TO NATURE."

Go back to nature! how vacant the cry!
The cotton must rot, or in its pods die;
Or scatter its whiteness over desert and plain,
And mankind again in their nakedness reign;
The spindles and looms, our material fame,
Would sink into ruin and infamous shame,
And famine diffuse its poisonous breath,
Producing a horrible, lingering death;
The beautiful ships, pride of sea and of land,
No more their white sails o'er the ocean expand;
Snapt asunder would be this wonderful chain,
Which unites the nations in commercial gain;
The rich fleece from the sheep would perish and fade,
Requiring no more the woolcomber's aid;
And the fine woollen loom, with commercial sound,
In fearful death silence completely be drowned;

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Progress departed to the moles and the bats,
And carcass and fleece the prey of wild birds and rats.
When art, in its advance, is once cast aside,
Desolation steps forth with terrible stride;
Then culture and verdure would no longer charm,
For vermin and reptiles would everywhere swarm;
The iron remain in the depths of the earth,
And use, form, and beauty, no more have birth;
Genius die weeping, and Toil drop her arm,
And the gold of the capitalist cease to charm;
Man again roam the woods in savage confusion,
Or in atheistical madness call life a delusion,
Clawing the earth for the succulent root,
In form quite a man, but in actions a brute.
He who proclaims that nature should rule
Is an embecile born, or an untutored fool;
He just lives on the earth, no design in his motion,
Like a deserted ship on the depths of the ocean;
A mental illusion, a return it would seem
To the wild ass-colt time, an infidel's dream,
That can only develop in mischief and shame,
Labour destroying, and laudable fame.
Are things come to this terrible pass,
That man has again to be like the wild ass?

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A stunted abortion of the human kind,
Forgetting that Deity should rule the mind.
Let the sacred page again in him shine,
And subdue wild nature by agents divine,
For the man of progression is greater by far
Than the hero of battles, who conquers in war.
Truth—ratified by the Book that's inspired,
Which good men of each age have loved and admired—
A light to enlighten, a power to improve,
And the miseries of life from the world to remove;—
And Virtue—with labour and knowledge combined—
Are the powers by which the world is refined,—
A spirit divine abroad in the earth,
Turning mankind from evil—a great second birth;
Humanity's charm on an ocean of strife,
Subduing the storms which agitate life;
The balm which consoles and gives virtue might—
When man yields to this, his actions are right.
A glorious fact, to move and to live
In a God that provides all that mercy can give!
Christian philosophy, intrinsically great,
Which honours the man and blesseth the State;
The wisdom which comes from the Great Infinite,
And convictions strong in this faith which is right.

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The mind then hath peace, a profound delight,
And lives in a sunshine of heavenly light;
A sweet conscious faith in a divine reign,
The chief joy of earth, and greatest of gain.
When the soul is imbued with this heavenly flame,
Man departs from evil, whatever its name;
Dwell with it—no sceptical faith ever can—
'Tis a glorious salvation for every man.
This power nurtured, this agent divine,
The worst of our race will to virtue incline;
Neglect it, and then a great fact may be told,
The heart will all manner of evil unfold;
Hence ariseth the duty of every soul
To use well this treasure, this power of control;
The noblest of feeling, through its action will rise,
And the wise will ever esteem it a prize;
This gift in possession, all should understand
The more 'tis used, and the more it will expand;
An incentive to all that is good and is great
In the world of commerce, the church, and the State;
This chariot of progress cannot stop in its pace,
'Till error and evil are removed from our race.

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WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF ALFRED TENNYSON.

WHENEVER men write with a face masked in hair,
The pen in their hand doth their folly declare.
The old-fashioned razor and wonderful pen
Are useful art-treasures for civilised men;
From the face one removes that horrible mask,
And the mind by the other is relieved of its task.
In the blessings which civilisation prepare,
The inward and outward both take a share;
Enlightened manhood, with vigorous might,
The habit of heathens casts off with delight;
Mind, through the pen, plays a fine noble part,
And the face by the razor—a beauty of art.
The sweet little child, with affable grace,
Revels in joy, feeling father's clean face.
The rich ruby lips, and noble chin bare,
Are a brilliant exchange for a mass of grim hair;

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Soon as this from the lips and chin disappear,
The beautiful form of the features is clear;
And no longer held in animal shade,
The fine mental power of man to degrade,
Youth and manhood may take pleasure in
This triune of beauty—*clean mouth, lips, and chin.*
When taste is the guide, and reason the rule,
Man cannot remain in this long-bearded school;
His time he will neither waste nor destroy,
In twisting and curling this animal toy.
The vulgar, the dirty, the vicious, the mean,
With long beards now are everywhere seen;
No one can mistake the sign of the base—
A long beard, drabbling all over the face.
Non-shavers have fanatical views—
As well might they cease to wear stockings and shoes,
For the only difference there is in the case
Is that one covers the feet, the other uncovers the face—
The mask off the face, and the shoes neat and bright,
Show civilisation, in which we delight;
Both create work in the great trading field,
And employment and comfort to thousands doth yield;

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If nature is left in these matters to reign,
The end comes to trading and commercial gain.
To return to nature is a barbarous thought,
By wise men such folly can never be taught.
To the savage, art is unknown in its glory,
And history unfolds the terrible story
That they seldom have health, or long life attain,
So from wearing of beards there's no physical gain.
Art creates comfort, and fresh fields of wealth,
And to mankind supplies both comfort and health;
Like the sun and the rain on the well-cultured land,
Which causeth vegetation to rise, and its glories expand;
Yet the gardener's art in this leads the way,
For the beauties of nature to unfold and display.
The first command in Eden was the garden to dress,
Compliance with which, the earth would man bless,—
Exciting the heart with an innocent joy,
So abundant and varied the garden's supply.
The impulse to improve then first took its start,
In the garden of Eden, by the gardener's art.
How sublime the record! how divine the display!
Great lesson of love that can never decay;

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That faith may assert its sovereign claim,
And atheistical notions bury in shame;
Then the spirit of progress its banner unfurled,
And from that day to this hath blessed the world.
Taste in its tendency is useful and kind,
Affording labour both for body and mind;
To Fashion allied by the nearest of ties,
Reforming the savage, and approved by the wise,
Increasing employments of various grades,
And joy to the workers in thousands of trades;
Here capital spreads its wings of regard,
And invests for safe and noble reward;
These great forces blended, each takes part
In widely diffusing the wonders of art.
Non-shaving is quite of the opposite rife,
Being a return to the vulgar and lowest of life;
Neither fashion nor taste is seen in the case,
But destruction and weakness, with animal face,—
Blighting twelve branches of good British trade,
Sources of commerce, by which fortunes are made.
Inconsiderate men through change are beguiled,
And extreme love of ease hath their spirits defiled.
To indulge in this sloth seems an exquisite relish,
Though a great people through their folly may perish.

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Decline in commerce is brought on this way,
And these are the seeds of a nation's decay.
If ever the animal mind rule the nation,
This evil is certain to work desolation;
Industry, our glory and national pride,
Must unhorse this monster in its deadly ride;
The vicious must vanish, and folly retire,
But the glories of art can never expire.
Through man's idle shame this angel may fly,
Other lands will receive her with raptures of joy,
Free and unfettered, and progress display
Of commercial glories, with brighter array.
Let Britons be wise, of their interests take heed,
That their works and their commerce may never recede,
But advancing the good of millions in trade,
And honourable labour, the honest man's aid;
The helper of age, and youth's greatest friend,
Which the wise and the prudent will ever defend.
Directed aright, all labour is founded on art—
And no man with safety from this can depart—
From the beautiful razor which for shaving we keep,
To the telegraph wire that runs through the deep,
Or the humblest builder that marks with a line,
To the talent that works out a noble design.

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Honest labour will and must have a place,
In manufacture of cloth or a good razor case,
Which claims our approval in ivory and horn,
And razors that would any toilet adorn;
These utilities are so grand and complete,
That the clean man will ever regard them a treat;
Such fine combinations and profusions of art
Will lessons of wisdom to thousands impart,—
Maintaining for Sheffield its long-honoured name,
In our country's greatness, for commercial fame.
For Art I contend with vigorous strife,
Is the alpha and omega of civilised life;
A mighty display of the Infinite Mind,
For the general good of the human kind.
Here for ever the mind may expand,
In all that is useful and noble and grand;
This is the secret why genius and art
Such boundless comfort to mankind impart,—
Active, successful, and bringing to light
New fields of enjoyment for mankind's delight.
Capital invests with its golden array,
And labour is wielded with powerful display:
These fine forces blended, so noble so grand,
Give comfort to all by sea and by land;

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From the great ocean steamer that conquers the gale,
To that subterraneous world, the underground rail;
Where millions of people now ride with delight,
And miniature suns of gas yield them light;
This dazling lustre does the mind so allure,
That riders are joyful, and all feel secure;
Magnificent, sublime, in depths so profound,
A world in transit, and all underground!
Art, with labour and wealth in its train,
These wonders hath wrought in Victoria's reign,
Our commerce to aid, and travelling adorn,
And transfer a glory to ages unborn.
Improvements are seen on every hand,
Which adorn and enrich our native land.
What triumphs of art and manufacturing skill
Are the interior fittings of a large cotton-mill!
The throstle and mule and wonderful loom—
Vast achievements of art in every room.
At one part, raw cotton goes into the place,
And comes out a fine cloth, for the use of our race;
In texture and finish all that art could desire,
And work that our statesmen and princes admire.
Every household doth art glories declare,
From the beautiful clock to the easy arm-chair;

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Where the master sits down with an amiable grace,
With a clean and well-shaven English face;
Admired, loved, and honoured—not feared,
Like a semi-grim savage half covered with beard.

A Lancashire paper would not be complete
Without a few words on the great corn-law feat:
Worthies who laboured in a work of the past,
On the land of their birth have a rich glory cast.
First felt was their power in our great Lancashire,—
Wonderful men that every age will admire,
For undaunted vigour and courage sublime,
They were brilliant examples, and lasting as time.
The awful corn-laws, of infamous name,
Were extending through Britain, rags, hunger, and shame;
Commerce so useful, so grand in its cast,
Was drooping its wings through their deadly blast;—
So deep and so loud was the national groan,
That withholding of corn was shaking the throne.
Patriots and philanthropists joined in a plan
To obtain cheap bread for every man;
Political creeds they sunk for this measure,
Which proved to the land a national treasure.

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The wealth that was given by the princes in cotton
To forward this cause will ne'er be forgotten;
The thought is a refresher, delightful in kind,
And renews the rich vigour which then fed the mind
Like the glorious unfoldings of spring as they rise,
We love all its grandeur, and value the prize:
Though memory fade and years decline,
The works of these great men continue to shine;
Their liberal giving doth brightly unfold
The effective power and glory of gold,
From men seldom seen on the mighty platform,
Yet none could be greater in corn-law reform.
The supplies of gold for this bloodless fight
Filled every right-minded man with delight;
So abundant, so constant, so brilliant and fast,
That the foes of free-trade stood completely aghast;
So decisive and dashing was this mighty display,
That before this reserve every power gave way;
The greatness of gold, of the press, and of brain,
Did never before such a victory gain;
This triune of power was so effective in fire,
That ages unborn will its victory admire,
Which brought into every household a smile,
Through the length and breadth of our lovely isle;

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In this battle display the Chartists showed fight,
But Cobden soon put their legions to flight;
He scattered their hosts in wildest confusion,
And proved that their system was all a delusion;
Like chaff before wind they rustled and fled,
And this faction of folly was the same as though dead;
Their demagogue leader was buried in shame,
While Cobden rose up to immortal fame.
'Tis true that some land squires in fighting took part,
But the truths of free trade went home to each heart;
And, like worthy old Britons of patriot breed,
They saw that free trade was an absolute need;
That commerce unfettered, the more will expand,
And increase the value of produce and land.
The glories of trade have increased with renown,
In every village and city and town;
Their work has been crowned with a mighty success,
And ages to come their memory will bless;
This phalanx of worthies ne'er ceased to fight
'Till man could eat untaxed bread with delight.
To name every man in this casket of glory,
Would swell out too long my rhythmical story:
There was Villiars and Potter, and Fox the great light,
And that eloquent Briton, honest John Bright;

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By great mental power, and clearness of thought,
From political error, Bright thousands hath brought;
His tenets are scattered by the press far and wide
As the ocean does roll or rises a tide;
Imbuing the nations with a spirit of right,
To cultivate trade, and no longer fight;
In defence undaunted—courageous, yet mild—
And trained to love right while a growing young child;
From so wise a father, of such excellent name,
Well might a son rise to distinction and fame;
Though fled from this earth, his good actions embalm,
And yield to the living an enduring charm;
Good Christian training, comprehensive in plan,
Conserves and matures all the useful in man;
Imbued with great talents and a crucible mind,
His speech was a power of thought well refined;
A philanthropist statesman, comprehensive in plan,
With watchwords of peace and goodwill towards man;
Nothing partial in him, no demagogue base,
But in labour abundant for the whole human race;
Like a Briton he laboured his own land to bless,
And for every wrong to obtain a redress;
Each action of life in this repealer proclaim
His right to a place among statesmen of fame.

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And Wilson, and Prentice, and Gibson, the great,
Did honour the cause and also the State;
And Cobden, the mighty, the mild, and the good,
Whose powerful pleadings could not be withstood;
Effective, resistless, and strong as the tide,
Monopoly casting for ever aside;
To originate he made not the slightest of claim,
But for leading minds right none could tarnish his fame;
The Right Hon. Gladstone and Sir Robert Peel,
Have owned his mild power and his reasonings feel;
Discovering a statesman, discrete, wise, and kind,
And a patriot of the noblest mind;
With knowledge of value exceeding his station,
Diffusing it wide for the good of the nation;
On the altar of progress, a great sacrifice,
To the world a blessing, to this nation a prize;—
So with him they joined, and worked hand in hand,
Extending our commerce to every land.
Imbued with a spirit so noble and great,
These men command homage from every State;
They have formed a class and raised a school,
Whose politics will this wide world rule;
Involved in this is a great human right,
When received by nations, they will cease to fight;

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Munitions of war from the earth will be hurled,
And the bright, bloodless banner of commerce unfurled;
The demon of war, of blood, death, and fire,
On the altar of trade is doomed to expire;
Into spindle or shuttle our swords shall be made,
Or ploughshares the worthy good farmers to aid;
Then the sweet son of peace will be heard in each State,
And for every wrong they will then arbitrate.
There is only a question of time in this case,
As the commercial spirit will rule the whole race;
A fact in agreement with the writings of old,
By the wise long foreseen, and by prophets foretold.
Lessons so noble, so good, and so wise,
Are a lever, and by it the world will rise;
This is the agent that man should embrace,
The use of this power will bless the whole race;
Full of mercy this teaching, and all that is kind,
And no doubt it comes from the Eternal's mind;
Polluted ambition at bloodshed may wink,
But the wise and the prudent will otherwise think;
The savage may throw his poisonous dart,
Mix death with the blood as it flows to the heart,—

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From the lungs dispelling the wonderful breath:
Man staggers and falls by the power of death;
Or revengefully use the dread scalping knife,
Destruction and carnage attend him through life.
Blood as it flows from the appaling death quiver,
He heeds not though the crimson tide flows like a river.
The shedding of blood, of evil so rife,
Can never form part of a true Christian life;—
Blessed heavenly light, sweet teachings of peace,
Would the world from this blood-staining evil release.
This is the Divine law—dispute it who can—
"Peace on the earth, and good-will to man."
The emblem of heaven is a beautiful child,
A standard of Christ, of love undefiled;
It is intended that we receive this divine brand
From the teacher of love and mercy so grand;—
Endorse approval, to this power resign,
And acknowledge this wisdom as wise and divine.
Blessed heavenly light! angelic effusion!
Destroying all wars with their deadly confusion:
The angels proclaim it, as they joyfully sing,—
Good news to the world is the tidings they bring.
War implements by their use brutalise,
Though to excess beautified by tinsel disguise,—

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Seen in terrific and dread demonstration,
Round every barrack and camp in the nation,—
Its polluting force goes forth to defile
Very often good training with all that is vile ;
Though masked in bright crimson and glittering gold,
It doth sorrow and death to the world unfold.
To buy and to sell, how simple, yet grand !
Here wealth takes its rise, through it fortunes expand ;
Like a commercial sun, diffusing vigour and life,
Removing base feuds and ignorant strife,
It lies at the base of all civilisation,
Being the sign of progression to every nation,—
A glorious sceptre o'er the nations to sway,
Under it institutions can never decay.
Freedom, for it is an absolute want,
Or trade falls and shrinks like a sensitive plant ;
But free, 'tis defiant, and will ever maintain
Its intrinsic power for creating gain.
The sword, the bayonet, all agents of war,
Doth its beauty deface and its excellence mar.
Sustained by the gospel this wonderful might
Will disperse the dark gloom of heathenish night.
By Cobden these powers were exemplified,
And we honour him still as a national pride,—

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A fine illustration of that heavenly plan,
Peace on earth, and good will towards man:
This beautiful, lovely, and angelic seed,
Can never the old fighting quality feed.
This day we rejoice in the glorious past,
While the fame of repealers for ever will last;
They went forth like a bright enduring flame,
Producing effect wherever they came.
Their brilliant orations, convincing and kind,
Ignorance dispelling from every mind;—
Protection departed, before them it fled,
In Britain no more to lift up its head.
On the platform they stood with amiable grace,
No long-bearded mask to cover their face;
Well defined mouths and their crimson lips seen,
For their work well adapted, with eloquence keen;—
Not cumbered with hair, their diction was clear,
Their speech went direct to the drum of the ear,
Affecting that organ with vigorous might,
The mind received it with profound delight.
No guttural sound, with sickening snaffle,
Which might be designed your hearing to baffle.
Many at this day look grim and unclean,
Scarce a vestige of mouth on their face can be seen;

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A small indent you perceive, by observant ken,
Like the entrance-hole to the nest of a wren,—
Outraging all taste and on good sense impose,
Like some Sandwich Isle savage in good British clothes.
On our Infirmary flags we have Dalton, the great,
By discoveries honouring our city and State.
How different his face! what a beautiful sight!
Not a vestige of grim hair your vision to blight;
A pure, noble soul is seen in his face,
And he lived and laboured to honour our race.
The rich classic grandeur of this monument,
Proves the time of the artist and money well spent;
Our sensitive nature is moved with pleasure,
To have in our city this artistic treasure;—
Firmness so placid, and perseverance so great.
Yield a charm to the soul, a pure mental treat.
The philosopher's face was not held in shade,
His fine mental power to mask and degrade;
With profound delight we look and admire
A face quite as neat as art could desire,—
Beautiful and clean, by the use of the razor
Doing good to himself and good to his neighbour.

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The noble Lord Brougham, the vigorous and wise,
And Huskisson also, a national prize,
In science and commerce they each held a place,
As promoters of all that was good for our race,—
Each had a clean face, and each a clear brain,
To the world a blessing, to the nation a gain;
The coarseness of nature formed no part of their plan,
For unfolding what some call the glory of man.
To cultivate beards! what offensive rant!
As though the face were soil, and the beard a plant;
A lawyer so noble, a statesman so bold,
Could much better work to mankind unfold;
In these worthies was seen without any disguise,
That union of beauty, where expression lies,—
Clean mouth, lips, and chin, a noble array,
Of intelligent grandeur that can never decay.
To say that a mass of rough troublesome hair
Can with this unclouded beauty compare,
Is certainly nothing but the imbecile rave
Of a corrupted taste, too idle to shave,
Or too mean to part with a portion of cash,
For obtaining a shave and comforting wash.
The wise will admit without any disguise,
That an agreeable shave is a civilized prize.

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The beard is a refuge for dirt of all kinds,
Salival and nasal in it a place finds;
Imperceptibly falling, its presence is there,
To the outward observer repulsive and bare.
The use of the handkerchief to them is but small,
Through the rise of saliva and the nasal fall,—
A sickening sight, from which all may themselves save,
By adopting the plan of a civilised shave;
Avoiding at once the drabbling scene,
By all men of taste pronounced as unclean:
To the sensitive mind 'tis a sickening sight—
Fine features enveloped in heathenish night.
The mouth, lips, and chin, are a triune of beauty,
To shave and keep clean is a civilised duty;
Discrimination—perceptive and wise—
Will never these mental glories disguise,
However the foolish and idle proclaim
By long grisly beards their animal shame;
To inaugurate such savage disgrace
Is lasting dishonour to a commercial race.
For revivification beards are a nest
For things which the clean regard as a pest;
How restless their fingers, how they scratch with the nail
This insectile substance, which doth misery entail;

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Removing this refuge is never time lost,
But a righteous investment, at a trifling cost;
Whether done by themselves, or another one's labour,
'Tis a positive good to themselves and their neighbour;
Like all the unfoldings of civilisation,
'Tis individual good, and a good for the nation;
The clean-faced Britons have obtained a name,
Which should never be tarnished by grim-visaged shame.
In this progressive age, a heathenish face
Is an introduction to a degenerate race;
The effeminate, the vulgar, with long beards of hair,
Can never with clean-shaved Britons compare;
Their mental appearance is under no cloud,
They take off the mask—the heathenish shroud;
And show up the grand, the clean-faced masculine,
Where a neat and a manly beauty combine.
See man eating and drinking with hair-covered lips,
Fragments hanging down, while the liquid he sips!
What lifting of beard, what tossing of hair,
The mouth for the reception of food to prepare;—
Progress they refuse, a good shave they decline,
And appear at the table like excited canine;
Indelicate, and almost too filthy to name,
To every beard wearer a barbarous shame;

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Taking more time to wash and make appear clean
Than a rough poodle dog on the parlour rug seen.
Beards are a refuge for salival slime,
To keep clean is a waste of labour and time;
Let man yield to reason, its kind dictates approve,
And the rough grisly beard he will quickly remove;
No longer appearing with a long-bearded face,
A disgrace to himself and a civilised race.
In this progressive age, our duty is seen,
That we should develop in practices clean,
And never despise the beauty of art,
Which does to the face so much neatness impart;
Encourage by practice good English trade,
And never our glorious commerce degrade.
When I beheld in Paris, at the Great Exhibition,
The cutlery trade in its highest condition,
I stood amazed to think that one in our land
Should destroy a trade so prodigiously grand;
These works of art seen, their uses unfold
The way in which Britain obtains the rich gold;
For centuries this trade, in the order of time,
Hath brought wealth to Britain from every clime,—
Thousands to feed, and thousands to employ,
And families enrich by abundant supply,

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Of all that was needful in every station,
To elevate man in this great trading nation.
Are men to destroy this by heathenish blindness,
And progression discard by atheistic unkindness!
You may speak truth feelingly, and write it by yards,
Yet some will wear beards, like idle blackguards;
Suggestive wisdom, so clean in display,
Before their haughty souls must all fade away;
To restore the brutal, and progress despise,
Is a heathenish weakness, without disguise;
They are as unfeeling in this atheistic notion
As the iceberg that rolls in the Atlantic ocean;
Love for the neighbour, that great Christian light,
They extinguish by dismal, dark, heathenish night.
Self-denial to some may at first seem a cross,
But a Christian virtue it is, and never a loss;
Charity with this great blessing combined,
Would comfort and bless the whole human kind;
Profession without it is a vile, worthless cymbal
Of loud sounding brass, with atheistic tingle.
The teaching of Christ is love and self-denial,
Which sincerity puts to a practical trial;
It exalts human nature—will the passions refine—
And mankind to virtue in this life incline;

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Like a river of life, it will never grow dry,
Eternal its source, and exhaustless the supply;
Intended to spread over every land
Its purifying power, and for ever expand;
Mild, subduing force, in its Divine travel
It will conquer all creeds and sectarian cavil;
Ecclesiastical empire it never can own—
'Tis life in the soul from the eternal throne;
To the powers that be—if Justice command,
'Tis unflinchingly loyal in every land.
Reverential feeling pervading the mind,
Leads to all that is useful, all that is kind.
Mighty this belief, it will ever prevail,
Comforting the soul and reforming the frail;
'Tis eternal life, through Christ in the man,
The Gospel reform—the redeeming plan.
Some reject these truths, so grand and sublime,
Yet still they are effective in every clime;
An absolute proof that from God they came,
For in every land their power is the same;
Purifying the mind and exalting the teacher
Who inculcates truth, like Christ, the Great
Preacher.

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The cutler with talent so skilful and rare,
Wielding his hammer with sinewy arm bare,
Must labour still, nor from the anvil depart,
That fanatics may stamp out the glories of art;
Strengthen his power, let us lend it our aid,
And advance the glory and honour of trade;
Let us increase the means by which all attain
The comforts of life and material gain;
No man should be indolent or retrograde,
But advance every useful mechanical trade:
Why conceal the fact in relating the case,
That the non-shaving plan is a savage disgrace,—
A return to the animal state of the vile,
Like the heathens who once possessed this isle;
Then art had no place in our native land,
Each face had then on it this heathenish brand.

The picture of the Repealers, at Peel's Park now seen,
Hath faces well shaven, and all neat and clean;
Mental grandeur in all is finely displayed,
Not one rat-dog face does the canvas degrade;
Wherever you look, whatever his name,
A semi-grim savage is not in the frame;

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These nobles of commerce had no time to spare
For curling moustaches or playing with hair;
More exalted their mind, more refined their taste,
Than in animal folly their precious time waste;
Their souls full of commerce, they loved their kind,
And their faces developed strong vigour of mind;
Bold, hardy Britons, they belonged to the brave,
Not too mean to buy razors, or too idle to shave;
To gratify self at the expense of their neighbour,
Was no part of the creed of these sons of free labour;
To do just as they liked they could never believe,
'Tis the slang of the idle, who live to deceive;
On many a family this evil hath burst,
Like a vile epidemic, and the innocent cursed;
Vicious indulgences are the great tares of life,
And yield to the world a harvest of strife.
These unselfish men could never destroy
Twelve trades that create for thousands employ;
By philosophy guided, these men loved the light,
They knew to do wrong, no man had a right.
Razors by millions are made in our nation,
And indicate part of our civilisation;
While those who discard them belong to a brood
Who are on the way back to the savage and rude.

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To snaffle in hair, to look so unclean,
Let us leave to the idle, the dirty, and mean;
On such acts as these men looked with scorn,
For razors they wanted as well as cheap corn;
While this painting remains as a work of the past,
On the semi-grim savage it will dishonour cast.
Supplemented well by an engraving so bright,
That each character stands out in the clearest light;
All who obtain it must feel mental pleasure,
To possess a work of such artistic treasure,
Proclaiming in silence the deeds of the past,
Which in the annals of progress for ever will last.

Cobden's monuments, here and elsewhere,
Are a lasting reproach to long beards of hair;
Every line of his features, with amiable grace,
Shows the grandeur and use of a good English face;
Idleness and faction were not in him found,
But in goodness of life he did ever abound;
He laboured for good while he walked on this earth;
And his works were all of real Christian birth;
In harness he died—a great martyr indeed—
But has left on the earth imperishable seed,
To grow and to flourish in every clime,
Though monuments perish through the action of time.

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ON A WORK OF ART, REPRESENTING THE FIRST AGRICULTURAL MEETING.

RICHARD ANSDELL'S fine picture, by Reynolds engraved,
Of one hundred and twenty six, clean and well-shaved,
Lords of the soil, who honoured man's labour,
And did not despise the beautiful razor;
Not one semi-savage, not one bearded face,
This engraving to spoil with savage disgrace;
If developed their plans entire and complete,
All would have work and plenty to eat;
For each is dependent on labour and art,
As the man who makes razors or sells in the mart.
When the razor shaves the beard clean away,
Then nature unfolds a most noble display,
Which always hath been and will be the case,
Whenever you see a clean-shaven face.
The clean chin is a comfort, the lips are the same,
When covered with hair, our disgrace they proclaim;

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Let their unclouded beauty for ever remain,
And art be exalted with enduring fame;
Let none doubt its mission—'tis a mission divine—
It hath and it will animal nature refine;
For a Briton a heathenish face now to wear,
And have it all covered with beard and long hair,
Is idle and vulgar, is foolish and vain,
A loss to our trade, and to no man a gain.
These gentlemen could not despise any trade—
The makers of razors, of plough, or of spade—
Advance was their cry, and not retrograde,
And their gold was diffused the good work to aid;
This done, they created a laudable need,
And became benefactors through this noble deed;
By the pressure of need the ignorant rise,
Our beautiful civilisation to prize;
'Tis a power in the soul, and by force of attraction,
Leads to trade, to wisdom, and industrial action;
Through a wonderful law, divine in its kind,
This quality's active in each thoughtful mind.
Want is a blessing, under fostering care,
Which prompts man the wilderness earth to repair;
That it may not in barren desolation repose,
But flourish and blossom like the beautiful rose;—

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A cornucopiæ full of all that is grand,
To bless the people of every land;
Through the goodness of God, with labour and gold,
The earth will its mighty glories unfold;
Given by Him in His wisdom and might,
That man might subdue it, and in it delight;
And before man's great skill all nature must bend,
That he may in the work of progress ascend.
Practical compliance with a Divine request,
Labour and mind each doing their best,
Yielding to God's first and great command,
Will ever in an increase of blessings expand;—
Let veneration excite, with perceptive relief,
And duty will follow, and honest belief;
Reverential feeling brings light to the mind,
And a charm to the soul for the whole human kind;
Boundless Love condescends to teach
Lessons of progress that all men may reach;
In the garden of Eden were displays of all kind.
Yet the cry was, "Dress it," from the Eternal Mind.
This is the great inextinguishable light,
Knowledge from God, the great Infinite;—
In society we see its exemplification,
To bless each class in our wonderful nation.

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Our lords and our squires a mighty power wield,
For their gold and man's labour produces the yield;
Barren moor in this country, once extending for miles,
Now is well drained and with fertility smiles:
For the thistle and thorn we have the succulent root,
The great staff of life, and sweet-tasting fruit;
Pestilential vapours from the mosses are fled,
And with health and comfort man now lifts his head;
Waste lands of the past labour now employs,
And earth becomes a constant source of joys,—
A mine of riches and exhaustless wealth,
Commerce creating and a cause of health:
Mechanical science applied to the soil
Creates new labour for man's healthful toil;
Our lords and rich men take the lead in this plan
That so largely develops earth's increase for man.
These one hundred and twenty-six gentlemen meet
To accomplish a great and most glorious feat,
For tilling the soil, new machines propose,
That the desert may blossom and bloom as the rose;
And the wilderness, by their appliances, yield
Rich crops, and bring forth like the well-cultured field;

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And these wonderful men, full of wealth and of zeal,
Through Ansdell's painting and the engraver's steel,*
Come down to our day and admiration command
As worthy examples of our native land.
These men sought power, but not to degrade
The beauty of art or the glory of trade;
Their wealth made subservient the farmers to teach,
Agricultural knowledge diffused to each.
While this branch of the upper ten thousand remain,
They will ever the honour of Britain sustain,
These gentlemen, of the refined English school,
Were free in their persons of heathenish rule,
Lovers of commerce, 'tis clear as the light,
And the engraving affords profound delight;
A memento of honour, but a lasting disgrace
To all with long beards and a barbaric face.
In all that pertains to improving the soil,
Aid was not wanting in art, gold, or toil;
This union of forces will ever be able
Abundance to create for every man's table:
A power three-fold, and no idle dream,
For a blessing is in it of God, the Supreme.

* Seen by the writer at the residence of John Munn, Esq., Park Hill, Prestwich.

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THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF SHAVING.

As the fine razor shaves the chin,
And sweetly polishes the skin,
A person may take pleasure in
The science of the steel;
For beards which tender faces sting,
That bristly and uneasy thing,
This will a clean smooth surface bring,
DELIGHTFUL TO THE FEEL.

No bearded lips the mouth to spoil,
Beauty concealing by this style,
By visage grim with savage smile,
Progression put to flight;
But by the useful razor's aid,
A well-tempered Sheffield blade,
The face is very pleasant made,
A CIVILISED DELIGHT.

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The bearded visage never can
Compare with the clean shaving plan,
So fitting for the decent man,
Where cleanliness is a feast;
The artificial in this case
Gives style and dignity of face,
An honour to the youthful race,
WHO RISE ABOVE THE BEAST.

Neatness unfolds beauty when,
Amid the multitudes of men,
Lips and chin are free again,
A mask no longer seen;
Art and taste their aids combine
The outward person to refine,
And show the countenance divine
ALL VISIBLE AND CLEAN.

Ratcliffe & Co., Printers, 21, Cross Street, Manchester.

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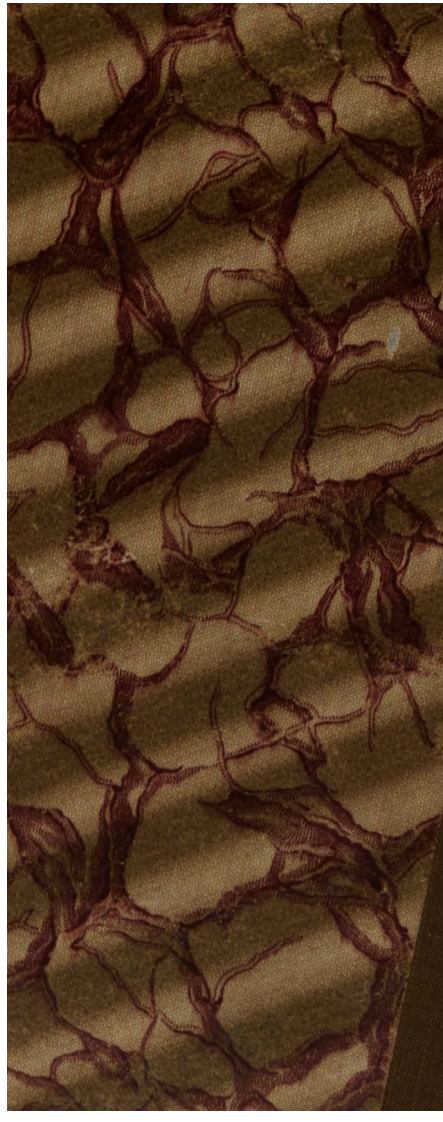

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